

THE KING AND QUEEN
239

it not wash away your
houses, and
ruin the country ? The joy of
the
terrible is blind,—its term of
life is
short, and it must gather its
plunder
in fearful haste, like a mad
elephant
uprooting the lotus from the
pond.
Wise counsels will come, in
their turn,
when the great force is spent,
—No, I
must not see the Brahmin.

*(Enters AMARU, the chieftain of
Trickur
hills.)*

Amaru

Sire, I have come at your
bidding,
and I own you as my King.

King

You are the chief of this
place ?

Amaru

Yes, I am the chief of
Trichur.
You are the King of many
kings, and